

The Evening World.

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SPEED THE RESCUE.

WITH belated energy the War Department at Washington stops dallying with the idea of sending transports from this country to bring back Americans stranded in Europe, and is now, according to Collector of the Port Malone, chartering ships abroad to save time.

Ever since the situation began to be serious there have been enough vessels available in Europe to land every American on these shores in two weeks or less without extravagant cost. Why hasn't the United States Government had the initiative to put it squarely up to the various nations involved that ships laden with American passengers could and must be allowed to depart under truce?

Such action on the part of the Administration would have allayed the anxiety of thousands of families and friends who have been loath to believe that this country could only fold its hands and wait.

United States citizens caught in the continental inferno are entitled to more than sympathy, fair promises and gold from their Government. They are entitled to prompt passage home.

WATCH THEM.

BY ALL means let somebody keep an eye on dealers who seize the war in Europe as a pretext for putting up prices right and left in the United States. "If there is one spark of patriotism in America we should show it now," declares the Housewives' League. "Abroad they are displaying their patriotism by fighting nations. Here we must fight dishonest dealers."

Meat, flour, sugar and coffee are already marked up, and the public is to be persuaded that cruel war abroad makes a further lift of prices inevitable.

Don't believe it. This country has a record harvest of grain piling up on its hands for lack of ships to carry it elsewhere. Abundance and over-abundance do not result in soaring prices unless some one doctors the situation.

As for meat, which has already advanced in price from 20 to 30 per cent., a local butcher expressed his mind plainly to The Evening World:

"I don't for a minute believe from what I know of the meat market that the war in Europe has anything whatever to do with the rise. I understand that the local managers of the big beef houses have been forbidden by their firms to unload the cars of meat which are now in New York."

"There is only a limited supply of this meat in the city and there are no shipments now of Argentine beef. So all the big meat houses are doing is holding the carloads in order to force the prices upward."

Those who control commodities that everybody must have pose a shrewd eye for circumstance that demands a boost of prices. We never knew them to discern anything that called for a drop.

One thing is sure. It ought to be a crime for any dealer to use Europe's cataclysm as an excuse to plunder American pockets.

NOT AT EXPENSE OF THE CHILDREN.

IT WILL be a shame if people in this great and peaceful city stop contributing to the playground fund and so leave 250,000 boys and girls with no place to play except the pavements.

We war cloud hangs over this country. There is not the faintest shadow in busy and prosperous New York for any retrenchment that means abandoning a great and far-reaching movement for the benefit of the city's children.

George Gordon Battle, President of the Parks and Playgrounds Association, sent out an appeal yesterday to public spirited citizens in the hope of being able at least to collect enough funds to keep the playgrounds going this summer.

We take care of about 250,000 children in sixty centres. The present war condition has seemingly kept people from giving their usual share of contributions.

It is impossible to go on with the work, as it costs about \$500 a week to maintain our activities, which include roof playgrounds, recreation piers, yards, day nurseries and street centres. It certainly would be a great disappointment to all the children as well as the mothers if these much needed centres should have to be closed.

Let New Yorkers think again, feel in their pockets and prove that they are not so preoccupied as to forget the health and happiness of the youngsters.

Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the correspondent who found an egg within an egg, let me say that in Columbus, O., one of our boys laid an egg within an egg and we sent it to the State fair.

MRS. M. HUNN.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, what chance has a young man in the forestry service or in the Northwest mounted police? Is either one of work profitable? H. L. J. Carleton, Conn.

A Police Criticism.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

May I say a word about the New York City police, known as the finest? The physique they do not compare with the Glasgow, Govan, Liverpool, or Belfast constabulary. I think although I would back the New York men against any of the others for best measurement, I have a great regard for the New York police. They are not only physically strong, but they are also mentally strong. They are the backbone of the city.

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"Come On In, the Blood's Fine!" By Robert Minor



The Road To Promotion

The Story of George.
GEORGE WHITE hadn't been on the job very long. He was the new man in the shop of the big manufacturing plant—and so far as the office knew or cared about him he was a human automaton engaged at a trifling wage to run a machine.

The machine was new to George. All machines were new to him. It was, however, a contrivance of simple operation, "fool-proof," responding not so much to the brain as to the nervous tension and manipulative speed of the operator.

There were five other machines in the shop just like the one before which George stood. The operators were stolid workmen—merely the human automata they were hired to be. The foreman didn't expect as much of George as he did of the others—at least, not at first. It takes monotonous repetition of even the simplest movements to gain unconscious, automatic speed. Usually it took a new man two or three weeks to wear into the groove.

A rush order came in. The work was divided among the six operators and the foreman reckoned it would take about two hours before the last piece was turned in finished. Of course, George would be the last to report—several minutes later than the others.

An hour passed, and the foreman stood by George's machine. He missed its staccato clatter. George stood before the idle machine lost in thought.

"Look here, young fellow," the foreman shouted, "the know this is a rush job! Get busy!"
"Oh, I've finished," said George. "I cut out some lost motion in the operations and was studying to see if I could get even more speed."

To-day, and our story now bridges five years, George is the "efficiency engineer" for a concern much larger than the one he started with. Ask him how he happened to get his job, and he won't tell you of the many steps near the top—he'll tell you. Well, it began by my using my head on a machine where others only used their hands."

Hits From Sharp Wits.

What seems too good to be true usually isn't.

A busy tongue and busy hands rarely go together.—Albany Journal.

All family jars are not filled with preserves and honey.—Deseret News.

Poverty may be uncomfortable at times, but it is not a disgrace if not made so by the one it touches.—Omaha Bee.

The discovery of Hecky Edelson eating on the sly after she had gone on a hunger strike recalls how some men quit drinking.—Nashville Banner.

Experience is worth all you pay for if you profit by it.—Macon Telegraph.

Newlyweds always labor for a short time under the delusion that their lives will be so different.—Albany Journal.

The Dower of Beauty

By Marie Montaigne.
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3-Neck Massage.
A WOMAN'S neck is so prominent a feature, now, that any blemish must be given instant attention, because the neck does not respond to rejuvenating treatments as quickly as other parts of the body do.

Very often fat forms across the back of the neck, even when a woman is otherwise slender, and this is by no means pretty, either when a woman wears evening dress or appears in the open-neck costume now worn on the street.

To remove the roll of flesh from the back of the neck one should dip a towel in hot water and rub downward, at the same time turning the neck from side to side. Cold water, applied in the same manner, should next be used, and then the throat should be bent three times on one side and three times on the other, alternating with three dips forward and three back, as far as the head can be bent.

After this begin and do the three movements in succession over again until the throat is tired, but not weary.

Besides the rubbing down, a good kneading of the superfluous roll of flesh will help to decrease it and force the neck to resume a normal, pretty shape. In all such exercises care must be taken not to bruise the skin or injure its delicate surface.

If the neck is flabby in front, as necks of all sizes often are, pat an astringent into the skin after the bath, and then gently pinch and pat in a skin food. Gentle massage, beginning at the sides of the jaws and under the chin, and carried on in a rotary motion with the fingers down to the base of the throat will also help to keep the neck in good form.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen.
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THE married woman who asks too many questions, and presses them too tightly home, will make, in the long run, a conditioned liar out of the most naturally veracious man that ever tied his own shoes.

We know a woman who comes running home from the place where she vacationizes if she doesn't receive a ten-page letter from her husband every day. That is, she did it twice. But she won't come home for that reason any more. It's drudgery, but he sees that she gets her letter each day.

Folks are expected to take the baths in some mighty queer-looking bathtub when they're away on their vacations. "I wonder if anybody in the world ever takes a bath excepting us?" we heard a New York man say to his wife after looking at the brownish-painted zinc bathtub in a farmhouse the other day.

We know a married man who doesn't dare sit perfectly still at home and think about business matters for five minutes at a stretch. When he does that, his wife informs him that he's thinking about some other woman; and that he doesn't love her—his wife—any more.

When you hear a young bald-headed man say that the loss of his hair doesn't "bother" him—that he doesn't miss it—you may know that he's a stupendous liar;—but a harmless liar, because he's game and not a whimpier.

Some women before they go away for the summer, leaving their husbands behind them in the city, insist upon their men folks writing them, each day, a full and detailed account of all their doings. They seem not to apprehend that by so doing they are not only encouraging unvarnished but jeopardizing their husbands' chance of salvation.

Porch Patter.

By Alma Woodward.
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The Tactics of War.
MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Pa.
War is the topic of conversation. There have been four different houses of war, from start to finish. The only thing we seem to be clear about, is the CAUSE of the war.

Mrs. A. (deeming herself scintillant)—
—Well, it looks to me like each country is running around, saying "Tag! You're it!" and that's the signal to get into the fight. Some one's been feeding them meat over there.

Mr. B. (darkly)—Don't you fret! They know what they're fighting about, all right. It's a hatred of centuries' standing! It's a—

Mrs. B. (throwing up her hands)—
—Oh, for goodness sake, don't let him get started! He's been living on maps and chronological tables for the past week. You'd think he used to take tea with Frederick the Great and throw poker dice with Napoleon.

Mrs. C. (giggling)—I was just saying to Mr. C. this morning how fortunate it was that we couldn't quite afford a European trip this year.

Mr. C. (sighing)—And I said I wished we had gone. Gee! I'd like to see a live scrap! We're dead ones over here—no fight in us.

Mrs. C. (sighing)—Listen to him! And when there's a complaint to be made at the laundry, he does it either over the telephone or makes me go around and settle it.

Mr. A. (having thought this out)—
—And besides, my dear fellow, think of how infinitely better it is to be a figuratively speaking "dead one" without any fight in him than a literally speaking "dead one" who has HAD fight in him!

Mrs. A. (beseechingly)—Oh! Oh! It's the buttermilk. He's drinking it to reduce, and it's curdling his brain!

Mrs. B. (suddenly)—Look! Even the children are imbued with the war spirit. "They're fighting a sham battle, aren't they? Smart little tads!"

Mr. B. (solemnly)—I believe in making children understand these things. I have been instructing Cyril in each point as it came along.

Mrs. B. (looking at the group under the trees)—Why, I don't see Cyril there. Do you, Henry?

Mr. B. (taking a squint)—There're some brown sneakers sticking out from the bunch that look like his. Yes, they are his. Why, that's Cyril lying down on the ground, letting the boys kick him. (Sharply.) Cyril! Get up from his position and come riding, riding on his horse!

Mrs. B. (nervously)—Cyril, darling, what have they been doing to you, precious?

Cyril. (between hysterical gasps)—I was being nice and telling them the details of the war, like papa said, and all of a sudden they said I was the only fellow around with his hair Dutch cut, so I'd have to be the German part of the Triple Alliance, whether I wanted to or not, and that it was up to me to be soaked and plenty. And then the other three decided that they'd be the other triple thing, just as they were against me. So they did it. And papa, I tried to explain about the tactics of war, only they wouldn't leave their flats out of my mouth long enough. Gee, but did Mr. Sherman was right when he said war was—

Mr. and Mrs. B. (in horrified and united voices)—Cyril!

The Love Stories Of Great Americans

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
NO. 30.—LONGFELLOW'S TWO LOVE AFFAIRS.

HE was a twenty-four-year-old Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin University. She was the belle, the prettiest girl in Portland, Me., his home town. For years he had wooed her; ever since he had been an undergraduate and she a girl in short dresses. He was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. She was Mary Storer Potter, daughter of a local judge.

Longfellow had scribbled verse in college, but he had thought so poorly of his powers as a poet that he had long since given up all efforts at verse-writing, and devoted himself to his work as a professor and to scholarly articles for literary reviews. It remained for heartbreak to awaken his genius and to give the world his deathless poetry; and it remained for Mary Potter, who loved him, to bring about that heartbreak.

Longfellow's salary as a professor at Bowdoin was \$500 a year. In 1831 it was raised to \$1,000. And on that sum he married.

Then Longfellow was offered a professorship at Harvard. And to prepare himself for his new duties he went on an extended journey of study through Europe. At Amsterdam Mary fell violently ill, probably from what we should now-a-days call appendicitis.

She rallied, seemed wholly well again; and the Longfellow's started on to Rotterdam. There the same illness attacked her again. In a few days she was dead. And there, in a foreign land, she was buried.

The stricken young husband sought to forget his grief in lonely travel and in work. Sorrow had stirred to life his poetic genius. In verse he found a vent for the grief that was crushing him. Soon after he came back to America he published two of his most famous short poems, "The Psalm of Life" and "The Reaper and the Flowers." Both of these show the terrible struggle of a human soul to reconcile itself to a dear one's death. From that hour Longfellow's fame as a poet was assured. But another woman than she whose loss had inspired his muse was to reap the benefits.

Not long after Mary's death, and while he was still wandering in aimless misery through Europe, the young widower chanced to meet at Interlaken a fellow-American, Miss Frances Appleton. Between the two sprang up a warm friendship. Though it was several years before that friendship bloomed into avowed love, yet Longfellow admired Miss Appleton tremendously, and after his return to Massachusetts he became an almost daily caller at her father's Boston home.

His was a literary wooing. He wrote his novel, "Hyperion," and he frankly drew the character of Mary Ashburton, its heroine, from Frances Appleton—even though he gave his heroine his first wife's Christian name. Describing Frances in this book, he spoke of her as "majestic of figure, her every step, her every attitude, graceful, yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within." It was the beauty of "Hyperion" and the glowing tribute it paid to her own charms that won Frances's consent to Longfellow's suit. They were married in 1843.

It was an ideal union. The bride was well to do in her own right, and the straitened circumstances that had cramped her husband's career were thus done away with. Prosperity and ever-increasing fame were his. It was during this period that he did practically all his best work.

Eighteen years after the marriage, Mrs. Longfellow was amusing her children one evening by showing them the uses of sealing wax, when a spark fell on the light summer dress she was wearing. In an instant the dress was ablaze. Her husband fought desperately to beat out the flames. But she died from the injuries she received. Longfellow himself was almost fatally burned.

They buried the poet's wife on the eighteenth anniversary of her wedding day, placing on her head the wreath of orange blossoms she had worn at her bridal.

The Triple Alliance and Triple Entente.

BISMARCK, father of the German empire, was also father of the Triple Alliance. He even sought—and for a time with seeming success—to make the alliance a quadruple affair by bringing Russia into it.

Like the German empire, the Triple Alliance grew out of the Franco-Prussian war. Bismarck hated France, and he knew that the French plotted revenge for the beating she had received at Germany's hands in 1870. So he sought to isolate France by depriving her of any possible allies. His first open move was in 1879, when a dual league was formed between Germany and Austria.

Bismarck was not satisfied. He wished to strengthen the alliance by larger membership. His chance came in the early eighties. France seemed to threaten Italy in Africa, and for her own safety and advancement Italy consented, in 1882, to join the league with Austria and Germany.

Thus the Triple Alliance, or Dreikaiserbund, had been brought to life; to preserve the three nations were to aid each other only in wars of defense; and, if necessary, to curb any aggressively warlike acts of the latter.

But the Triple Alliance was still stronger than its dual-league rival. So France made overtures to England. In return for France's agreeing to leave England a free hand in Egypt, England allowed France to share some privileges in Morocco; and a formal "Entente Cordiale" soon followed. In this way the Triple Entente was brought to life; to preserve the three nations were to aid each other only in wars of defense; and, if necessary, to curb any aggressively warlike acts of the latter.

Austria tried to profit by the help of the alliance in a quarrel over Bulgaria. Bismarck quickly put a stop to this pleasant little project by declaring in his "professionally blunt" fashion:

"All of Bulgaria is not worth the bones of one German soldier!"

Bismarck tried, by every means his wily brain could devise, to bring Russia into the league. He succeeded.

One of the periodical little red hot quarrels in the Balkans led to Russia breaking free from this entente, and in 1897 it came to a sudden end. As soon as possible, afterward, France came to an understanding with Russia, and in a few years the Russo-French "Entente Cordiale" was born. Bismarck had fallen from power in 1890; so the Entente met with no successful opposition.

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The May Manton Fashions

THE tunic frock makes a feature of the autumn and schoolgirl fashions sure to like it. This one is made of plain material combined with Roman stripes and is extremely charming in color as well as in style, but dresses of the sort can be made from one material throughout quite as well as of contrasting ones and of the best of washable materials as well as of wool or silk.

In the picture, plain colored linen is combined with striped tulle, and in these days it is as easy to copy color effects in cotton as in wool.

Later gabardine or light weight serge would be pretty made in this way. The blouse is just a plain one with set-in sleeves and the skirt is cut in the piece, is close in the waist and the tunic and blouse are joined to the blouse, and the closing of the entire dress is made at the front.

For the 12 year size the dress will require 3½ yds. of material 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 3